





John Eustace Anderson.

of KING'S RARE EDITION OF 1557, black letter,
4to. dark blue polished Levant morocco extra, finely
tooled on sides and back, gilt edges, by Riviere
(1557)

? date, possibly c. 1510

See Collier's C. Eng. lit.

I p. 11-12 ? his copy, otherwise unknown

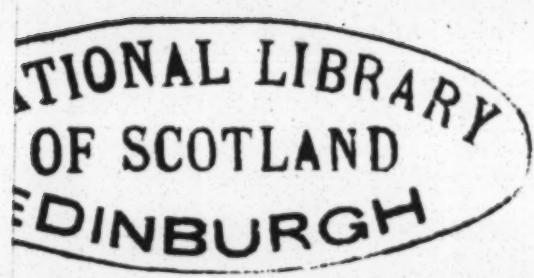
? Hazlitt H. p. 35 ? referred to

3101



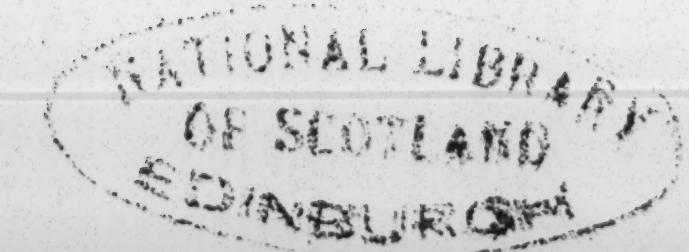
✓ Dobell.

L.C. 3117.



1557

These gates be shyt so wonderly well
That we may not come here in
Than spake clymme of the cloughe
With a wyle we wyll vs in brynghe
Let vs say we be messengers
Streyght comen from oure kynge
Adam sayd I haue a lettred wryten mele
Now let vs wysely werke
We wyll say we haue the kynges seale
I holde the porter no clerke
Than adam bell bete on the gate
With strokes greate and stronge
The porter herde suche noyse therate
And to the gate farr he thronge
Who is there no we sayd the porter
That maketh all this knockyng
We be two messengers sayd clymme of the cloughe
Be comen streyght frome oure kynge
We haue a lettred sayd adam bell
To the Justyce we must it brynghe
Let vs in oure message to do
That we were agayne to our kynge
Here comieth no man in sayd the porter
By hym that dyed on a tre
Cyll a false thise be hanged
Called wypnaym of clounghe



we haue the kynges seale
lvdane arte thou wode
xter had wende it had ben so
ipghtly dyd of his hode.
Alle be my lordes seale sayd he
it shall ye come in
ened the gate ryght shorly
ayll openyng for hym
we are wein sayd adam bell
yeroſ we are full fayne
it cryſt knioweth that herowed hell
to v-e ſhall come oute agayne
þe the keys sayd clym of the clovgh
þe well than ſhole we ſpede
nigght we come out well ynough
a weſe tyme and nege
a caſed the poſter to a councell
wonge hiſ necke in two
id keſt hym in a depe doſgeon
id toke the keys hym fro
wani I poſter sayd adam bell
nroder the keys haue we here
worſte poſter to mery carleſ
had thiſ hondreth vere
wyl we oure bowes bende
le wyl we go
under

The market place of mery carlyll
They beset in that stounde
And as they loked them bysyde
A payre of newe galowes there they se
And the iustyce with a quest of swetars
That had iuged clowdysle there hanged to be
And clowdysle hymselfe lay redy in a cart
Fau bounde bothe fote and hande
And a stronge rope aboute his necke
All redy for to be hangde
The iustyce called to hym a laddre
Clowdysles clothes sholde he haue
To take the mesure of that good woman
And therafter to make his graue
I haue scene as greate a metueyll sayd clowdysle
As bytwene this and pryme
He that maketh this graue for me
Hymselfe may lye therin
Thou spekest proudly sayd the iustyce
I shall hange the with my hande
full well that herde his bretheren two
There styll as the dyd stande
Than clowdysle cast his eyen asyde
And sawe his two bretheren stande
At a corner of the market place
With theyr good bowes bente in theyr hand
Redy the iustyce for to chace
I se good comforde sayd clowdysle
Yet hope I well to fare
If I myght haue my handes at myll

I wolde I care
take good adam bell
me of the clowgh so fre
e ye matke the iustyce well
ere ye may hynt se
e therys shote I wyll
ly with an arowe kene
shotte in mercy carlyll
en yere was not sene
ised theyr arowes bothe at ones
an had they dyde
hut the iustyce the other the sheryf
the therys sydes gan blode
boyded that them stode ny
e iustyce fell to the grounde
therys fell nyghe hym by
ad his dethes wounde
tezeyns fast gan fle
cste no lenger abyde
ghtly they loused clowdysle
with ropes lay tyde
sterste to an offycer of the towne
ut of his hande he wronge
s, de he smote them downe
ght he had taryed to longe
sayd to his bretheren two
et vs togyder lyue and deye
ue nede as I haue nowe
I ye fynde by me
hell in that tyde

For theyr strynges were of syke full sure
That they kepte the stretes on euery syde
That batayll dyd longe endure
They fought togyder as bretheren true
Lyke hardy men and bolde
Many a man to the grounde they threwe
And made many an herte colde
But whan theyr arowes were all gone
Men presyd on themi full fast
They drewe theyr swerdes than anone
And theyr bowes from themi caste
They wente lyghtly on theyr waye
With swerdes and buckelers rounde
By that it was the myddes of the daye
They had made many a wounde
There was many an oute horne in catlyll wounen
And the belles backwarde dyd they ryng
Many a wonian sayd alas
And many theyr handes dyd wryng
The mayre of catlyll forth come was
And with hym a full grete route
These thre yomen dredde hym full sore
For theyr lyues stode in doubte
The mayre came armed a full greate pace
With a polaxe in his hande
Many a stronge man with hym was
There in that stoure to stande
The mayre smote at clowdysle with his byll
His buckeler he brast in two
Full many a yoman with grete yll

5 treason they cryed for wo
2 wth the gates fast they bad
t these traytors theroute not go
ut all for nought was that they wrought
For so fast they downe were layde
Tyll they all tht that so manfully fought
Were gotten without a brayde
Haue here yore keys sayd adam bell
Myne offyce I here forsake
Yf ye do by ny councell
A newe porter ye make
He thre we the keys there at theyr hedes
And bad them euill to thyue
And all that letteth ony good yoman
To come an^v conforte his wyue
Thus bi... good yomen gone to the wode
As lyght as lete on lynde
They laughend be mercy in theyr mode
Theyr enemyes were farre behynde
Whan they came to Inglyswode
Under theyr trysty tre
There they founde bowes full gode
And arowes greate plente
So helpe me god sayd adam bell
And clynnie of the clowgh so fre
I wold we were nowe in niery carlell
Me that fayre meyne
... them downe and made good ther
And eate an... like full well
There is a fytte... yese myght yongmen

And another I shall you tell agayn

H They sat in Englyswode
Under theyr trysty tre
Them thought they herde a woman
But her they myght not se
Sore syghed there fayre alwee
And alas that euer I se this daye
For now is my dere husbonde slavie
Cas and wela waye
Myght I haue spoken with his deere
With eyther of them twayne
My herte were out of Payne
Cloudysle walked a lytell besyde
And loked vnder the grene wodde
He was ware of his wyfe and hir
Full wo in herte and mynde
Welcome wyfe than sayd
Unto this trysty tre
I had wende yester daye by
Thou sholde me never hau
Rowe wele is mesyke
My herte is out of re
Dame he sayd be me
And thanke my hir
Her
I haue
The

2 me a herte of grece
coude therese
best alyce my wyfe
w of clowdysle
ioldely stode me by
ayne full nyne
cure to theyr souper
iete as they had
od of theyr fortune
he mery and glad
y had souped well
chouten leace
ayb we wyll to oure kynge
a chartre of peace
he " " diournyng

er go

ith me

ayne

chian gone

